

To the honorable Judge Mastroianni, My name is Herbert Carlos Wright. I have the absolute pleasure of introducing my son Herbert Randal Wright III. The first started with my father Herbert Wright, who served his country in the Navy and also served his family as a great father. I was serving my patients as a EKG technician when I was blessed with my son and a daughter, and was able to instill the same love and values into my children. These qualities were passed down to my son, and the work ethic started to show itself in the form of him being in the top 10% of his graduating class. But that was just the beginning. Growing up in the inner city of Chicago was hard, and it was time to move into a better area. But after my wife's mother had a stroke, we decided to stay in that area a little longer to care for her. That led us to enroll my son in the CYC Chicago youth center. My son always had music in his heart, this and a few visits with family in Iowa is where he met people who would help in cultivating his passion for music.

Unfortunately, Chicago reared its ugly head, and my son would start to see his friends die in senseless shootings. And even was a victim of a senseless shooting himself. It broke me to see the decline of my city, and having to experience that as a parent with my son. Because Chicago wasn't like that when I was growing up. We didn't have the names or treatments for things that haunted us from our past, the illness known as PTSD. Our culture has been suffering from that for a very long time, as well as others of course. But because of things such as mental illnesses being looked down upon within our race and community, people didn't get the help that was NEEDED. That mindset is changing and I am proud I say my son has put that cause on his back and is helping lead the way, not just for his culture but for anyone facing personal demons. And I am deeply proud of him for that. His company 'swervin through stress' has helped a lot of people for free. I'm not saying he is perfect, clearly he has made some dumb mistakes. Sometimes not listening to his parents and unfortunately he has lost a lot at a very young age.

But I am proud to say he has accepted what he did wrong and has learned from them, and wants to make things right. These are the qualities we instilled in him and it's good to see them come to the surface. He is in therapy to help cope with and control his own personal problems, which we all have. He is very remorseful for what he has done, we have talked to him and we know he is not the same person who made this mistake. It warms my heart to see my son interacting with his children. He has two sons and one daughter, and a fiancée who loves, cherishes and depends on him. He calls his oldest son, son-son. His second son, he calls him pickle. And the apple of his eye, his daughter whose name is Emmi love. He has taken our family out of a bad neighborhood and put us and his sister in a better living and financial situation. I get by knowing that from my mother and my father, to his mother and his father, the tradition of a strong family unit is still going strong, which sometimes doesn't happen. In conclusion your

honor, I am asking, no PLEADING to you temper justice with a merciful hand. He is not a bad child, just still a child, who is learning what not to do in life. Sometimes I think of him and I liken to the late great Bob hope. They don't have much in common except this, Bob would go overseas to our military troop and give them hope, inspiration and courage. My son does the same for the youth by being active in going to schools, community events, and radio shows giving hope, inspiration and courage to adults and children alike. Please give him a fighting opportunity to right his wrongs, instead of withering away in a cell. Give him that opportunity to become a responsible man that has learned from his error. Everyone deserves a chance at a second chance. Thank you and God bless.

Sincerely, Herbert C. Wright